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Metland (John)
1507/393.

THE

Misfortunes of Love;

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF HENRY AND JULIA.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

THE PATHETIC HISTORY OF LEONORA.

London:

Printed by T. Maiden, Sherbourne-Lane,
FOR ANN LEMOINE, WHITE-ROSE-COURT, COLEMAN-STREET, AND SOLD BY T. HURST, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

[*Price Six-pence.*]

BRITISH MUSEUM
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APR

THE ADVENTURES OF HENRY METLAND.

MISFORTUNE is the beſt ſchool to form the mind: Man there learns to appreciate, according to their real worth, thoſe trifles on which public opinion alone has ſtamped a value. I ſhall, therefore, without farther preface, relate the different ſcenes that have chequered my life. I am deſcended from one of the firſt families in England. My father, to a good fortune, added an unblemiſhed reputation. He was one of the principal members of the oppoſition. He took the greateſt care of my education; and ſent me to the univerſity of Oxford, where I remained until I reached my ſixteenth year, at which period I returned to London, and was introduced into the great world.

My father had an intimate friend, called Sir William Burt: he was alſo a zealous member of the oppoſition: they had been companions in the ſervice, ſince which the conformity of their inclinations and opinions had united them in ſtill cloſer bonds. The Baronet was a widower, with an only daughter about my own age. Julia was the companion of my infancy; we were never happy aſunder; our parents contemplating with pleaſure this dawning of tenderneſs between two young people they deſigned to unite.

On my return from Oxford, my firſt buſineſs was to viſit Miſs Burt. She teſtified a joy equal to my own. She was at that time about fifteen, tall, and elegantly formed. Mutually pleaſed with each other, we had no idea of declaring our tenderneſs: for in early youth the heart always gets the ſtart of the underſtanding, and ſenſibility of experience. Two years elapſed in this pleaſing intimacy. Our affection increaſed daily. Abſent from Julia, I was diſcontent and uneaſy; with her, I ſaw and heard none but herſelf. In ſhort, Julia was all my thoughts, all my deſires, and all my affections.

Among the numerous ſociety that reſorted to Sir William Burt's, Mr. Oliver was the moſt aſſiduous. He was only ſon to a rear-admiral of that name lately dead, and who had left him heir to immenſe riches. Thus Mr. Oliver, by his birth and fortune, might aſpire to the firſt matches in England. I ſoon perceived that he loved Miſs Burt; a diſcovery that did not greatly alarm me, as my rival poſſeſſed a diſagreeable perſon; and, though of mean capacity, a moſt ridiculous vanity. Beſides, I was ſecure of the heart of Julia: the union of our parents, and their intention to unite us, alſo compleatly re-aſſured me: yet an unforeſeen event, which was

the ſource of all my misfortunes, ſoon convinced me what I had to fear from this odious rival.

There was at this time a ſtrong debate reſpecting ſome new act; and the motion that the miniſterial party had made on this ſubject was on the point of being rejected in the Houſe of Commons by a few diſſenting voices. The Court determined to endeavour to gain Sir William Burt, well aware that by his influence they could obtain a majority. They ſo completely dazzled the underſtanding of Sir William, that he conſented, paſſing ſuddenly from the oppoſition to the court party. As his opinion influenced a great number of members, the motion paſſed, and the miniſterial party triumphed.

It is impoſſible to give you an idea of the rage of my father on this ſhameful defection of the Baronet's. He immediately broke off his acquaintance, writing him a letter, in which he reproached him in the bittereſt terms with his apoſtacy; concluding by an oath, never to hold communication with him more.

This letter irritated Sir William to the utmoſt degree; he anſwered it with equal acrimony. It is frequently dangerous to have reaſon on our ſide when we reproach a man with an error which he cannot recal. His ſelf-love takes the alarm, and, inſtead of relenting, makes him prefer an open rupture to confeſſing his fault; his obſtinacy juſtifying it, in ſome meaſure, in his own eyes, and repreſenting as proper ſpirit his fear of appearing weak by an avowal which would give his adverſary too much advantage over him. This was the caſe with Sir William, the hatred between him and my father riſing to the ſtrongeſt degree of inveteracy. So true it is, that the moſt rancorous enemies are thoſe who have once been intimate friends.

I was ſoon apprized of this fatal revolution. My father calling me into his cloſet, ſaid, "My ſon, you are informed of the deſpicable weakneſs of Sir William: the patriotic ſentiments with which I have inſpired you, are to me a ſure warrant that you regard him in the ſame light as I do: Henceforward, every tie between us is broken; and I ſwear to him an implacable hatred that ſhall only conclude with my life. I have no doubt but you partake my juſt reſentment. I had reſolved to unite you with his daughter; but you muſt be ſenſible that ſuch an alliance would now cover us with ſhame. 'Tis therefore, my ſon, unneceſſary to deſire you to ſee Julia no more. Perhaps your heart may revolt againſt this order; but in the ſoul of an Engliſhman honour and patriotiſm ought to be predominant ſentiments, and I flatter myſelf you will ſtifle a paſſion that can never meet my concurrence." I knew my father's temper too well to endeavour to change his reſolution. I therefore only replied, that his reſentment was juſt, and that I hoped he would ever find his ſon act up to the principles of honour he had inculcated. When I was alone, I gave free vent to my grief. I conſidered my happineſs for ever deſtroyed. I adored Julia: ſhe was ſnatched from me, without even my being permitted to bid her adieu. Several days elapſed

in this melancholy ſituation; my uneaſineſs was too acute to be concealed, though my father feigned not to obſerve it. He had doubtleſs never experienced the pangs of love, his predominant paſſion being centered in his country; he therefore thought that time would obliterate an affection which had no longer any aliment. But while hope is undeſtroyed, love remains in the heart, and, like a torrent whoſe impetuoſity is encreaſed by obſtacles, augments and ſtrengthens by difficulties. I lived in hope that ſome happy change would re-unite two men who had ſo greatly eſteemed each other: but I then was unacquainted with the human heart, which, though it eaſily paſſes from love to hatred, ſeldom, if ever, returns to its firſt ſentiment. Time, on the contrary, only encreaſed the hatred of my father and the Baronet, whom I underſtood having met in public, abuſed each other in the moſt derogatory manner; thus ſtamping their enmity in the eyes of the world, and forming a freſh obſtacle to their reconciliation.

To complete this misfortune, I heard that Mr. Oliver had redoubled his aſſiduity to Julia, and that her father had accepted him for his ſon-in law. This news awakening my love, made me forget my duty. I reſolved to prevent this fatal marriage, whatever it might coſt me. I had a valet who was a very adroit fellow, and beloved by Julia's maid: theſe domeſtics, regardleſs of their maſters' enmity, frequently ſaw each other privately. I therefore deſired Tom to engage Betty to deliver a letter to her miſtreſs, accompanying the requeſt with a preſent. In this letter I declared to Julia, the unhappineſs I experienced in being ſeparated from her, alſo my hopes that her heart had not changed in reſpect to me; adding, that on her anſwer my life depended: ſwearing an eternal fidelity, and entreating her permiſſion to write ſometimes to her. Betty performed her commiſſion with the utmoſt exactitude, and the next day delivered me the anſwer of my beloved Julia. In this ſhe declared that ſhe had experienced too firmly the affection which was formed under the auſpices of both our parents, for their diviſions to make the leaſt change in her heart; that ſhe ſhould never love another, but that ſhe depended on a father whoſe opinions were as irrevocable as thoſe of mine; that ſhe dreaded he ſhould diſcover our correſpondence, yet could not refrain giving herſelf as well as me that ſatisfaction, under proper reſtrictions, and that for the reſt we muſt truſt to time. The certainty of ſtill being beloved by Julia greatly ſoftened the vexation I experienced; a commerce of letters was ſoon eſtabliſhed between us; Betty was entirely in my intereſt; and the pleaſure of thus communicating our thoughts, enabled us to bear with more patience the pangs of abſence.

Notwithſtanding, the hatred of our parents appeared to loſe none of its aſperity, ſeveral of their mutual friends having in vain endeavoured to reconcile them. Julia frequently informed me that the importunities of Oliver were very troubleſome to her, and that, although ſhe had repeatedly teſtified her averſion to his addreſſes, he

was not repulſed, pretending to act by her father's approbation. This circumſtance gave me conſiderable vexation. I frequently determined to uſe means to diſtance this odious rival, but a fear of injuring the character of Julia prevented me. The cauſe of my quarrel with Oliver would have been immediately diſcovered, as my former pretenſions were well known, and Oliver was now looked on by the world as Julia's future huſband. Our fathers would by that means have diſcovered the ſecret intelligence between us, and we ſhould have been expoſed to their reſentment. I had frequently ſolicited Julia to grant me a private converſation, in which we might concert meaſures more eaſily than by letter. This ſhe, however, had conſtantly denied: fear of her father, and that innate delicacy and modeſty which love never deſtroys in a virtuous heart, were the cauſe of her refuſal. In ſhort, when one day I had given up all hope of perſuading her to favour me with an interview, Betty, whom I often met privately, ſent for me. As ſoon as ſhe ſaw me, "Rejoice, Sir," ſaid ſhe, "my miſtreſs at length grants the meeting you have ſo long deſired." I embraced Betty with rapture, who deſired me not to fail at midnight being at the back door that opened into the garden.

I need not tell you that I was true to my appointment. Betty let me in, and conducted me to her miſtreſs, who was waiting in a little arbour at the end of the garden. I threw myſelf at her feet. "Ah, my beloved Julia," exclaimed I, "what unforeſeen happineſs! I once more behold you, and all my ſorrows are forgotten." "Metland," replied ſhe, "if any thing can excuſe the ſtep I have taken, it is the danger in which I find myſelf. What love could not effect, the fear of being united to a man whom I dread more than death has obliged me to adopt." Julia then informed me that on the preceding evening her father had commanded her to look on Mr. Oliver as her intended huſband, as he had given him his conſent, with a firm aſſurance of her ready obedience. "You may eaſily conceive, my dear Henry, what ſorrow I experienced to this order. I threw myſelf at my father's feet, conjuring him with tears not to unite me to a man for whom I had not the leaſt inclination: he was however inflexible. "I ſee, ungrateful girl," anſwered he, "the motive of your refuſal; you ſtill love Metland, the ſon of my moſt implacable enemy: but I here ſwear you never ſhall be his: your unworthy love is one reaſon for me to accelerate the marriage, which is very advantageous on your ſide; therefore prepare to obey me, (added he, with a look that made me ſhudder,) or expect the utmoſt effects of my reſentment." With theſe words he quitted me, unable to reply, and overwhelmed with ſorrow. "What can I do, Metland?" continued Julia:" "how reſiſt the will of a father whom I ever before delighted to obey? Yet I call heaven to witneſs, that I can love none but you, and fear death leſs than this hateful marriage." "You love me, Julia!" exclaimed I, with tranſport; "then does not your heart point out the only means of reſcuing you from the

tyranny of a father unworthy the name, and a deteſted marriage that would embitter your whole future life? Can you heſitate to truſt yourſelf to the honour of a lover to whom yours is as dear as his own? Let us fly, my dear Julia, from thoſe barbarous men who think to command the hearts of others, while themſelves are ſlaves to paſſion and rancour. Let us be united by indiſſoluble bonds. What conſent do we need, but that of a juſt and beneficent God, who knows our hearts, and witneſſes the purity of our intentions? We will ſeek in another country the tranquillity denied us here. Perhaps ſome future day our parents, touched by our mutual affection, may relent, and baniſh a hatred that diſgraces both, acknowledge their injuſtice, and recal to their hearts thoſe paternal ſentiments we merit. Is it not poſſible to ſerve their country, and to enjoy different opinions, without introducing perſonal animoſity, which blinds inſtead of enlightening them to the real intereſt of the ſtate?" "What, Metland," exclaimed ſhe, "would you have me diſgrace myſelf by failing in the moſt ſacred duties; expoſe myſelf to a father's curſe, and the dreadful effects of his reſentment? No, Metland, I can never conſent." I combated Julia's objections with all the eloquence of love, but the utmoſt I could obtain was another interview on the third night following. Betty informed me it was time to retire; I knew not how to tear myſelf from my beloved Julia. I repeatedly kiſſed her hand, and bathed it with tears: ſhe partook my emotion; and promiſing to make a final effort on the mind of her father, we ſeparated.

The next day I received a letter from Julia, which informed me that her endeavours to ſoften her father had only ſerved to irritate him, and that he had concluded by inſiſting on her eſpouſing Oliver in three days. This letter plunged me in expreſſible ſorrow. I feared that ſhe would at length be obliged to ſubmit, as I well knew the power a father has over a virtuous daughter who has ever been accuſtomed to fulfil her duty. Driven to deſpair, I determined to uſe the only means I had remaining, which was to challenge Oliver, and force him to relinquiſh her, or periſh in the attempt. This project was no ſooner formed than executed. I wrote to my rival to meet me at the entrance of the Park at five in the evening, leaving him the choice of weapons; but at the ſame time informing him, that the death of one party ſhould alone conclude the combat, unleſs he renounced his pretenſions to Miſs Burt. There are cowards even amongſt the Engliſh. I was at the rendezvous before the appointed time, and fruitleſsly waited for two hours; no Oliver appeared. Vexed at my diſappointment, and boiling with indignation at the puſillanimity of my rival, I returned home, deviſing means to encounter the poltroon, who was unworthy the name of Engliſhman. On my arrival, Tom gave me a note, in which Oliver informed me, that not having any concern whatever with me, he had no right to accept my challenge, particularly as it was made in too imperious a manner for him to think it neceſſary

to obey the ſummons. I ſaw this excuſe was but a palliation of his cowardice, and therefore determined to force him to come to a proper explanation.

At length the night arrived that I had waited for with ſuch impatience. Betty as before introduced me to her miſtreſs. I found Julia in tears. "It is inevitably fixed, my dear Henry," ſaid ſhe; "we muſt part for ever. This is our laſt meeting. In two days I ſhall be united to the man I deteſt moſt on earth, and that day ſhall be the laſt of my life." I mingled my tears with hers. At length informing her of the challenge I had ſent to Oliver, and his deſpicable refuſal to accept it, "This laſt trait," added I, "muſt convince you of the puſillanimous weakneſs of the wretch to whom they wiſh to unite you. Can you reſolve to marry a man ſo unworthy of you? Think, my dear Julia, a coward is capable of the moſt atrocious acts; and Oliver, once poſſeſſed of your hand, well knowing that he cannot obtain your heart, from your huſband will become your tyrant." "What!" exclaimed ſhe, "is it poſſible that he ſhould be ſo deſpicable, yet be the man to whom my father deſigns to unite me?"

She ceaſed, and appeared to reflect for ſome minutes. "The conflict is over," reſumed ſhe with energy; "my ſcruples are vaniſhed: for though an Engliſhwoman can ſacrifice happineſs to her duty, yet ſhe cannot ſuffer meanneſs. That vice deprives Oliver of all the right paternal authority had given him over me. It even breaks the bonds that attached me to my duty, ſince my father has no power to force me to commit a crime: and ſurely it is one to be united to a cowardly wretch, and by becoming his wife ſubmit to be his accomplice. Yes, Metland, I am ready to undertake every thing to eſcape this hateful union. Act for me as you pleaſe; your honour is a warrant for the ſecurity of mine, and I'll follow you if neceſſary to the world's end." Charmed to find her in ſuch ſentiments, I neglected nothing to ſtrengthen her reſolution and diſſipate her fears. We reſolved to put our project in execution the very next day, truſting Betty, who ſwore never to abandon her miſtreſs, with our intention. After this we converſed on means to facilitate our flight: at length I retired, my heart overflowing with love and joy. The day following I took all the neceſſary precautions. I borrowed a conſiderable ſum of one of my friends, and depoſited my moſt valuable effects in a trunk, ordering Tom to procure a poſt-chaiſe to wait at a ſhort diſtance from the houſe of Sir William Burt. The expected hour at length arrived: I repaired to the garden-gate, and was ſoon joined by my trembling Julia and her maid. I endeavoured to re-aſſure her, and catching her in my arms, conveyed her to the chaiſe, in which I alſo placed Betty, and ſeated myſelf, Tom preceding us to procure freſh horſes. We continued our route with as little delay as poſſible to Edinburgh, where we united our hands as firmly as our hearts. Our marriage was celebrated without pomp, but love preſided and embelliſhed our ſimple entertainment. In ſhort, I became the happieſt of men.

Julia's affection was as great as my own, and she gave way without fear to those sentiments which virtue approves. I had some relations at Edinburgh, whom I went to visit; they received us with the greatest politeness. As it is very common in our island to see matches formed without the consent of parents, they conceived no unfavourable impression on that account. Two days after our marriage, I received a letter from the friend who advanced the money, and who was also the confident of our flight. He informed me, that my father was violently irritated against me, but that his anger was trifling in comparison of Sir William's, who swore with the bitterest imprecations to be revenged on me, and that he was making the most minute enquiries to discover where we had retired. My friend also informed me, that Oliver appeared deeply afflicted with the loss of a fortune which he thought secure; and that seconding the projects of vengeance, he had set out the day after our elopement in pursuit of us, declaring he would deprive me of life if I refused to surrender Julia.

The threats of Oliver made not the least impression on me; but as we were not secure from the resentment of our parents, being under age, we resolved to go to America. Julia had an uncle who was governor of St. Domingo. We had no doubt but this uncle would interest himself in our favour, and give us all necessary assistance. In consequence of this resolution we left Edinburgh, and sailed from the nearest port on board a ship bound for Jamaica.

Our voyage was fortunate: Julia was but slightly incommoded. In six weeks we reached St. Jago, the principal town in Jamaica. Here we determined to remain some weeks to recover our fatigue. I visited the governor, informing him that my intention was to repair to St. Domingo to see a relation of my wife's, concealing however our flight from England. He received me with the utmost kindness, and we soon became intimately acquainted, sparing no pains to procure Julia and myself all the amusement which the island could afford.

We had been near a month at St. Jago when a Spanish ship arrived in the port to make an exchange of merchandize. We prepared every thing to depart with this vessel, which was to sail in three days. The house where we lodged was situated at the extremity of the city, and adjoining a small and unfrequented wood, in which Julia and myself often walked. The evening previous to our departure we repaired thither as usual, conversing on the different arrangements necessary in our situation. We designed to leave two letters with the governor, entreating him to forward them to England as soon as possible: one was for my father, the other for that of Julia. In these we informed our parents of our arrival in Jamaica, entreating pardon for our disobedience; and, in short, saying every thing we could surmise to soften them in our favour.

As we were returning, conversing on the wished-for effects of these letters, five men masked rushed out of a thicket, three seizing Julia, and the other two attacking me with their swords. I had

no weapon but a cane, with which I for ſome time parried their thruſts; but at length being overpowered, I received ſeveral wounds, at the laſt of which I fell, deprived of knowledge, remaining, as near as I can gueſs, near an hour in that ſtate. Tom and Betty, uneaſy at our long ſtay, came to ſeek us in our uſual walk, where they found me to all appearance lifeleſs, and bathed in blood. Theſe faithful ſervants immediately procured aſſiſtance to carry me home, and called in a ſurgeon, who ſtanched the blood, and bound up my wounds: happily, or rather unhappily for me, none of them were mortal.

When I revived from my inſenſibility, I threw my eyes on every ſide, and at length aſked for Julia. Tom then informed me in what a ſtate I had been found, but that he was ignorant what was become of my wife. "O heavens!" exclaimed I, "ſhe is ſtolen from me, and I am unable to purſue the villains who have perpetrated ſo heinous an action. Fly, and inform the governor of this fatal event. Entreat him from me to cauſe the moſt exact enquiries to be made after my aſſaſſins, and the robbers who have bereaved me of my wife." My weakneſs would not permit me to ſay more. Tom immediately ran to perform his commiſſion, and on his return informed me that the governor appeared as much afflicted as provoked at the outrage we had received, and had deſired him to aſſure me, that he regarded the inſult as his own, and that he would immediately ſend in purſuit of the authors of this double villainy. This meſſage tranquillized me a little, notwithſtanding I was not without the moſt cruel inquietudes on the conſequences of this atrocious act. I trembled for Julia, and ſuſpected Oliver.—He only, cried I, could be guilty of ſo perfidious and villainous an action. I confirmed myſelf in this idea: I even thought I recollected in one of the aſſaſſins the height and air of Oliver. Theſe reflections wrought ſo ſtrongly on my mind, and ſo heated my blood, that my wounds opened afreſh, and threw me again into a ſtate of inſenſibility, from which I was with difficulty recovered; the ſurgeon then informing me, that if I did not become more tranquil, my life was in the utmoſt danger. The hope of finding Julia, and revenging myſelf on Oliver, made me determine to endeavour to moderate my paſſion.

The next day the governor came to viſit me, teſtifying how ſenſible he was of my misfortune, and communicating the meaſures he had taken. After a converſation which my weakneſs would not ſuffer to be prolonged, he quitted me, with an aſſurance of every effort in his power to revenge me.

In ſomething more than three weeks I was able to leave my bed, but was ſtill extremely weak. I waited with impatience for my gaining ſufficient ſtrength to go in ſearch of my wife, the governor declaring his purſuit fruitleſs. This was the more aſtoniſhing, as in the iſland of Jamaica no veſſel entered or left the harbours without his knowledge, and on ſhore enquiries could hardly fail of ſucceſs. In ſhort, finding myſelf entirely recovered from my wounds, in

about a month, I determined to ſearch every corner of the iſland, and the ports, to ſee whether I could not diſcover Oliver. The evening before my intended departure, I ſtrayed, overwhelmed with melancholy, to contemplate the fatal ſpot where my beloved Julia had been ſnatched from me, where we had converſed for the laſt time, and where, doubtleſs, the villain Oliver thought he had aſſaſſinated me. I had walked near half an hour, loſt in ſorrowful reflections, when finding myſelf fatigued, I puſhed aſide ſome branches to ſeat myſelf on the ground, and diſcovered a pocket-book which they had concealed from my ſight. I inſtantly ſnatched it up, with a preſentiment that it might give me ſome information reſpecting the villains who had ſtolen my wife. My expectations were not deceived; the pocket-book was Oliver's. After reading ſeveral letters, none of which gave me the leaſt hope of diſcovery, I found one ſigned by the governor: in this he informed Oliver that all was ready in the pavillion at the bottom of the garden to receive Julia; that he might depend on the three men he had ſent to aſſiſt him; concluding by entreating him to uſe all neceſſary precaution to make his ſucceſs complete.—The tratior! exclaimed I, in a frenzy of rage, is it thus that, under the ſpecious appearance of probity and friendſhip, he has abuſed my confidence? Can the earth bear ſuch a monſter! But I will be revenged, and puniſh his falſehood equally with the villain of whom he has become the accomplice.

As I returned home, I became more cool, reflecting that the governor, enjoying a moſt unlimited power in the iſland, and the inhabitants being entirely at his devotion, it was not ſafe for me to confide in any one; for ſhould he diſcover that I was informed of his being the villainous accomplice of Oliver, I had every thing to fear; he might force me to leave the iſland before I could reſcue Julia from his hands. Theſe reflections made me reſolve to diſſemble.

Arrived at home, I informed Tom and Betty of the diſcovery I had made, after which we deliberated on the means of delivering her. The firſt care was to let Julia know I was yet living, that I had diſcovered her retreat, and was reſolved to reſcue her. After deviſing and rejecting ſeveral different projects, we determined on an invention that appeared the moſt feaſible. The pavillion where the governor concealed my wife was quite alone, and ſeparated by an extenſive garden from his palace. The windows of this pavillion were towards the ſea, on a part of the ſhore that was totally unfrequented and ſolitary. I employed Tom to hire a fiſherman for a good ſum to take us thither in his boat; procuring alſo a long ladder, which was neceſſary for our purpoſe. My valet eaſily executed my commiſſion, for by the power of gold there are but few things which cannot be accompliſhed.

Late at night I repaired with Tom to the ſea-ſhore; the fiſherman was waiting for us: we entered his boat, and in a quarter of an hour reached the pavillion. I knew not in what apartment Julia

was confined, or whether she was alone, but resolved to risk every thing. I tapped gently at the window, calling in a low voice on the name of my beloved wife. Julia instantly recognized me. "Is it really you, my dear Henry!" replied she, in a tremulous and ill-assured voice: "how is it possible you could get hither?" "Are there any difficulties that my tenderness cannot surmount?" replied I. "But, my dear Julia, is there no one to overhear us?" She informed me there was no person in the pavillion, but the woman appointed to attend on her, who slept in an adjoining apartment; and that even should she be awake, she could not overhear us in the low key we spoke.

After having declared to each other the pleasure we experienced at this meeting, I informed my wife in few words how I had discovered the villainy of Oliver, and the perfidy of the governor. "My dear Metland," interrupted Julia, "He is yet more culpable than you imagine." She then informed me that the governor was in love with her, that by some means he had banished Oliver, and was perpetually importuning her with his passion. This information of Julia's augmented my fury against him: I promised myself ample vengeance upon this disgraceful governor as soon as possible. But it was necessary to snatch her immediately from the danger to which she was exposed. I therefore resolved to execute my project the following night, desiring Julia to be ready at the same hour, after which we separated in the hope of soon being reunited. I descended into the boat, which brought us to shore without any accident.

After taking a few hours rest, I prepared for our project. I engaged the fisherman to procure us a vessel large enough to carry us to the first port in St. Domingo. He informed me that one of his relations had a shallop which would exactly suit, if I chose to engage it. I accompanied the fisherman to his friend's, whom I persuaded by the presentation of a considerable sum, and a promise to take care of his future fortune on our arrival at St. Domingo. He consented, and we determined on our measures; he was to leave the port at night-fall, and wait for us in open sea, at some distance from the pavillion.

At night all my effects were put secretly on board; and at the appointed hour, Tom, Betty, and myself, being provided with several files, and a ladder, arrived under the walls of the pavillion. She was waiting for us. "My beloved wife," said I, "return thanks to God; the moment of your deliverance is near." We then began to file the iron bars that secured the windows, which was no easy task, being of a thickness to have discouraged any one who was not animated by a motive as powerful as that of delivering the person most dear to them from slavery and dishonour. In short, after an hour and half's labour, we procured a passage. I leaped into the chamber, and again clasped my Julia, whose arms were open to receive me. I assisted her to get upon the window; Tom was ready to help her to descend the

ladder. I ſpeedily followed them. We inſtantly put off, and ſoon reached the ſhallop, when having largely recompenced the fiſherman, we ſet ſail for St. Domingo. At day-break we had loſt ſight of the iſland, conſequently were out of danger. Julia and myſelf then gave way to the pleaſure we experienced at our happy meeting, regardleſs of the ſorrows which villainy had occaſioned us. I however could not help regretting my being obliged to leave the miſcreants unpuniſhed, whoſe crimes their blood alone could expiate: however, I promiſed myſelf revenge ſome future day. When our firſt raptures were over, I deſired my wife to give me an account of all that had happened to her ſince our ſeparation.

"I cannot expreſs," ſaid Julia, "the horror I experienced when ſeized by the three villains; yet that ſenſation was doubled when I ſaw you attacked by the two others, and at length ſink beneath their ſwords. I fainted, in which ſtate I was conveyed to the pavillion. Reſtored to my ſenſes, I gave way to deſpair, calling on death, and loading with execrations the miſcreants who had murdered my huſband; for I had no doubt but they had completed their crime, and that you was loſt to me for ever. Two women, who were placed to attend on me, endeavoured in vain to conſole me. I was in this unhappy ſituation when Oliver appeared. At the ſight of that monſter I gave a cry of horror, and, without giving him time to ſpeak a word, flew at him, loading him with the moſt opprobrious names. I know not how far my rage might have carried me, had not the two women ſaved him from my fury. He retired with the greateſt precipitation: the cowardly villain feared even the weak efforts of a woman, and ſhrunk away alarmed. Notwithſtanding, the violence of the ſenſations I had experienced threw me into a fever, which made ſuch rapid progreſs, that in a few days I was in extreme danger. In my delirium I thought I ſaw you, my dear Henry, and we held the moſt tender converſations; then ſpeedily forgetting that delightful illuſion, I returned to a confuſed recollection of my misfortune, weeping for your unheard-of fate, and venting bitter curſes on Oliver.

"One day, after a violent paroxiſm, I ſunk for a conſiderable time into a ſtate of inſenſibility, little ſhort in appearance from death; on reviving from which I diſcovered the gove. or ſeated by my bedſide. On my giving an exclamation of ſurpriſe, he roſe. "Calm your ſpirits, Madam," ſaid he, "and preſerve a life ſo neceſſary to the happineſs of many." "What avails life," replied I, "when I have loſt my huſband?" "Your huſband yet lives, Madam," returned the governor. "Alive!" exclaimed I. "Ah, Sir, ſeek not to deceive me." "Believe me, on my word, your huſband, although he has been in the utmoſt danger, is at preſent almoſt reeſtabliſhed." "O, heaven! my huſband alive!" repeated I, in a tranſport of joy. "But by what happy chance do I ſee you here? How did you diſcover the retreat where the villains have confined me?" The governor replied, that he would inform me of every

particular when my health would permit; but until that time it was ſufficient for me to know that I had nothing to fear from the violence of Oliver.

"The aſſurance which he had given me that you were living, my dear Henry, was more efficacious than all the aſſiſtance of art, and I was ſoon out of danger. As my health grew better, he came to viſit me ſeveral times a-day. I ever enquired after you; he aſſured me you was out of danger, but that you had not recovered ſtrength ſufficient to quit your apartment. I entreated him to cauſe me to be conveyed to you, but he declined it, under pretence that my health was not yet enough re-eſtabliſhed for me to be removed without danger. One day, when I had preſſed him more warmly than uſual, he replied, "Do you then deſire my death, charming Julia? For it is certain I cannot ſurvive your loſs; and would purchaſe, at the price of my blood, the happineſs of enjoying your company ſome time longer."

"I leave you to judge the ſurprize I experienced at theſe words. Without waiting my anſwer, he threw himſelf at my feet. "Yes, Madam, I adore you. Love entered my heart the firſt moment I ſaw you: but deſpairing to gain your favour, I ſhould ever have concealed it, but for the event which ſeparated you from your huſband." The governor then informed me that Oliver was his relation; that he followed us in the Spaniſh merchantman, and, on his arrival, had related to him our elopement the day before the intended marriage, entreating him to favour his project, as, could he once get me to England, our marriage would be declared illegal, and I ſhould readily conſent to marry him. "The confidence of Oliver," continued he, "inſpired a ray of hope in my boſom. I thought that by appearing to ſecond his views, I might be uſeful to you. On my perſuaſion he brought you to this pavillion; but I was in no meaſure privy to the attack made on Metland, nor could I ever have ſuppoſed Oliver capable of ſuch baſeneſs. Yet more, Madam, his infamous conduct, and the manner in which you received him, determined me to reſtore you to your huſband, and put it out of Oliver's power to injure you. In ſhort, I have had no view but your ſafety, and to acquire ſome rights on your gratitude."

"I clearly diſcovered that he ſought to palliate his own faults, and to make a merit of his part of the villainy. I was exaſperated at his effrontery, but my intereſt engaged me to diſſemble. "I am willing to believe," replied I to the governor, "that your conduct has not been contrary to honour, conſequently muſt meet my gratitude: but how could you ſuppoſe that I would ever liſten to your paſſion, when you well know my firm attachment to Metland? Could you imagine me ſo weak that ſeparation would render affection and duty leſs ſacred in my eyes?" "No, Madam," replied he, "I never pretended to break thoſe bonds which are ſo dear to you. I feel that I cannot aſpire to gain a heart ſo devoted to another: but I at leaſt flattered myſelf that the ſervice I rendered you, and

the reſtoring you to your ſpouſe, would ſoften you in my favour, and that you might grant to pity what I could not hope from love." "Is it really you, Sir," ſaid I haughtily, "that dares affront the wife of Metland? You ſpeak of reſtoring me to my huſband, yet wiſh me to be faithleſs to him. Would you thus be paid for performing what honour and duty demand? Baniſh ſuch unworthy thoughts, and recal thoſe ſentiments of generoſity I once thought you poſſeſſed." "I well know, Madam," replied he, "that I fail in that generoſity of which I flatter myſelf I have before given frequent proofs. But, alas, underſtanding in vain ſtruggles againſt a paſſion ſo violent as mine: and when once love has ſtifled virtue in a heart where it was before predominant, there are no extremities but which it may lead to. No, Madam, (continued he, after ſome few moments ſilence,) I cannot reſolve to deſtroy my hopes. Reflect, you are in my power; and I will periſh rather than ſurrender you." With theſe words he retired, without giving me time to reply. I leave you to judge, my dear Henry, the fear and ſorrow they occaſioned me. I had every thing to apprehend from a man who reſolved to ſacrifice his honour to his paſſion. Notwithſtanding, I was determined to ſuffer death rather than conſent to his infamous deſires; therefore, when he returned the next day to aſk the reſult of my deliberations, I informed him of my reſolution, reproaching him with his diſgraceful behaviour. He, however, was not repulſed, redoubling his importunities; ſometimes from entreaties changing to the moſt dreadful menaces; and I really think that he ſoon would have attempted to put his threats in execution, had not heaven, my dear Henry, ſent you to my deliverance."

Julia had juſt concluded her recital, when we diſcovered land. After coaſting ſome time, we entered the port of St. Domingo. On my arrival, I was informed that my wife's uncle was no longer governor, having departed a month before for his own country. This information greatly afflicted me. I depended much on the aſſiſtance of this gentleman, my funds being conſiderably decreaſed. However, we determined to preſent ourſelves to the new governor, in hopes that he would receive us graciouſly, in conſideration to his predeceſſor, and the family of Julia. In effect, the governor, Don Alvirez, treated us with the utmoſt kindneſs, ſaying, that he ſhould eſteem himſelf particularly happy if he could be of the leaſt utility to the niece of a man for whom he had ever had a particular eſteem. He preſented us to his wife, who received us with that diſtinguiſhed politeneſs that appertains to perſons of birth and family. This lady was much younger than her huſband, and might truly be called handſome; her features were regular, with fine black eyes, full of life and expreſſion; her complexion was dark when compared with Julia's, yet ſo clear and freſh that it was impoſſible to wiſh it otherwiſe. Spaniſh haughtineſs was ſtrongly imprinted on her features; ſhe poſſeſſed the utmoſt animation in every action; and when ſhe ſpoke, entered into the ſubject with a vivacity and energy that ſhewed the violence of her feeling. Alvirez appeared between forty

and fifty years of age: his perſon, without being handſome, was pleaſing: grave and reſerved in his manner, he was cautious in forming attachments; but when once intereſted, became a firm and ſincere friend. Generous and humane for the pleaſure of being ſo, his ſoul was never ſwayed by ſelf-love. Invariably attached to his duty, his conduct never contradicted his principles; following the ſyſtem he had formed with the greater eaſe, as nature had implanted in his diſpoſition none of thoſe headſtrong paſſions which ſo frequently lead men to tranſgreſs the bounds preſcribed by honour and virtue.

The kind reception of Alvirez engaged me to diſcloſe my ſituation; he was pleaſed with the confidence I repoſed in him, entreated my friendſhip, and inſiſted we ſhould reſide in his palace. I had the utmoſt reaſon to applaud myſelf for having formed an acquaintance with him; the generous Spaniard neglected nothing to render our ſtay agreeable, behaving to us with that kindneſs and friendſhip that doubled the price of his benevolence. We ſoon became inſeparable, the ſtricteſt friendſhip being formed between us. Julia was equally pleaſed with the governor's wife, the utmoſt intimacy taking place as they became acquainted; but the tranquillity we enjoyed was of ſhort duration; and, by the ſtrangeſt contrariety, love, that paſſion which cauſed our happineſs, was alſo to be a perpetual ſource of misfortune. We had been here ſome months, when on a ſudden Donna Clara became thoughtful and melancholy, an air of conſtraint reigning in her words and manners that ſurprized me. Frequently had I caught her eyes fixed on me, which ſhe inſtantly would remove, with her face overſpread with bluſhes. Sometimes in converſation ſhe would praiſe me, but on a momentary recollection ſtop ſhort, as if ſhe feared ſaying too much in my favour. At firſt I knew not to what cauſe to attribute this alteration in her behaviour, but ſpeedily gained melancholy information on the ſubject.

One day, when ſome ſlight indiſpoſition confined Julia to her apartment, I went as uſual to pay my compliments to our hoſts. I found Donna Clara alone. She no ſooner perceived me, than her face was covered with bluſhes, which almoſt inſtantaneouſly gave place to a more than uſual paleneſs. After the firſt compliments ſhe enquired for Julia. I replied in terms which ſhewed my tenderneſs for my wife. "How I envy the fate of Julia," ſaid ſhe, "to poſſeſs a huſband that loves her ſo tenderly!"—"Madam," replied I, "Don Alvirez ſurely gives you no cauſe of complaint on that ſcore."—"I have no reaſon to complain of my ſpouſe," returned ſhe, "he loves me, and on that account am I the more miſerable." "How!" replied I, "is it poſſible that affection can make you unhappy?" "My dear Metland," ſaid the lady, "you are not ignorant that in a union like marriage, eſteem is but a feeble ſubſtitute for love, and unhappily I can grant nothing farther to Alvirez. My parents united us without conſulting me; I hardly was acquainted with him before he became my huſband.

I have every reaſon to be ſatisfied with his conduct, but love is not to be commanded. That ſympathetic attraction, that nameleſs charm, that ſeizes at once on the heart, I have not met with in Alvirez. Unhappily, my extreme ſenſibility, joined to a heart naturally tender, and which is alone actuated by the moſt lively impreſſions, cannot accommodate itſelf with his cold and ſerious tenderneſs. With him I have never experienced that union of ſoul, thoſe inexpreſſible delights of love, which are the bleſſings of life, and after which my heart continually languiſhes." At theſe words ſhe gave me a look whoſe expreſſion was by no means equivocal. I underſtood its ſignification, but feigning not to comprehend the purport of her diſcourſe, I pitied her misfortune, in not being able to love a man ſo reſpectable, and who entirely merited her tenderneſs: then forming a pretence of abſence, I retired, greatly agitated at the diſcovery I had made; for the looks, the manners, the diſcourſes of Donna Clara, were now all explained; all announced her views on me. Even though I had not been united to Julia by the bonds of affection as well as thoſe of Hymen, and to Alvirez by thoſe of friendſhip and gratitude, I could have felt no ſentiment for Donna Clara, but indifference. Her diſpoſition and mine were widely different; and though ſhe was handſome, her features were deſtitute of that ſoftneſs and feminine modeſty which to me is the moſt powerful charm of beauty. In conſidering her attentively, what firſt ſtruck a ſtranger as *hauteur*, was rather, on a nearer examination, a repulſive harſhneſs. In ſhort, to my idea there was ſomething dark and ſiniſter imprinted on her countenance.

I inſtantly diſcovered what vexatious conſequences might acrue from the paſſion of this woman, ſhould I give it the leaſt encouragement. I therefore determined to avoid all occaſions of being alone with her, and to continue feigning ignorance of her ſentiments: I alſo reſolved to conceal the whole from Julia; for love is eaſily alarmed, exaggerates its fears, and delights in ſeeking pain. A woman ever dreads a rival, however ſecure ſhe may be of the honour of the perſon who poſſeſſes her heart.

Donna Clara ſoon diſcovered my change of conduct, and penetrated the motive: but when once love has inſinuated itſelf into the heart of a woman of ſtrong paſſions, difficulties only ſerve to augment, and this was the only effect my indifference produced on the wife of Alvirez. She became daily more gloomy and thoughtful: the preſence of Julia was inſupportable to her, which, though ſhe took the utmoſt pains to conceal, I could not but diſcover ſhe regarded her as a hated rival.

One afternoon Don Alvirez propoſed to walk and enjoy the fine weather. We immediately went to the garden. The governor offered his arm to Julia, which obliged me to give mine to his wife. Inſenſibly we ſtrayed from each other, Donna Clara purpoſely quickening her pace for that purpoſe. After ſome moments ſilence, "What delightful weather!" ſaid ſhe, with an agitation that did not eſcape me; "not a cloud obſcures the ſky; all nature is calm;

while trouble and ſorrow reign in my heart." "Madam," replied I, "when every thing ſmiles on you, and fortune and nature have beſtowed on you their moſt gracious gifts, your days ought to paſs as ſerene as this we now enjoy." "Ah," replied ſhe, warmly, "what to me are the gifts of fortune, when I am deprived of the enjoyments moſt dear to a ſuſceptible heart? While love refuſes me thoſe pleaſures which in my eyes are the only good in life, and that the perſon who could beſtow pretends not to diſcover my tenderneſs."

This diſcourſe, which was evidently directed to me, threw me into the greateſt perplexity, and I remained ſome time unable to reply. At length I ſaid, that "doubtleſs every one muſt do juſtice to her merit, and poſſeſs the utmoſt reſpect and eſteem for——." "Eſteem!" interrupted ſhe, tenderly; "can ſo cold a ſentiment reply to a love like mine? But I ſee, Metland," added ſhe, with a kind of ſhame, "that I muſt explain myſelf more clearly. I muſt ſurmount all my ſcruples. In ſhort, it is yourſelf; yes, you, my dear Metland, that have inſpired me with a paſſion for which my heart was formed: 'tis you I love, as much as 'tis poſſible for man to be beloved." She had not concluded here, but Alvirez and Julia, fortunately for me, at that moment joined us. The good Don joked us on our private converſation, ſaying to Julia, "Madam, it appears to me that Metland and my wife underſtand each other perfectly well: ſuppoſe we pay them in kind; I ſhall willingly conſent to the exchange." "You would loſe too greatly," replied Julia, ſmiling. "I thank you for the compliment," anſwered Donna Clara, ſmothering her emotion; "but Metland is ſurely not the laſt to know your merit, and doubtleſs every other woman is indifferent to him." Speaking theſe words, Donna Clara gave me a glance which I perfectly comprehended.

As the weather was becoming cloudy, we returned to the houſe. I was in the greateſt perplexity; for after the confeſſion Donna Clara had made, there was no decorum but what ſhe could ſtep over, and I might expect freſh teſtimonies of a paſſion of which her behaviour beſpoke the exceſs. I knew not what conduct to adopt in ſo delicate a ſituation. To have gained time by flattering her hopes, would have been to deceive her: neither was I ignorant how much hope ſuſtains and augments love: beſides, diſſimulation was never a part of my character. Notwithſtanding all this, to repulſe entirely the advances of the wife of Alvirez was a dangerous experiment, for there is nothing which a woman can ſo ill forgive as a man who deſpiſes her charms; and the more lively her paſſion, the ſtronger is the hatred occaſioned by his diſdain. In this point Donna Clara was yet more than another woman; ſhe was a Spaniard: and there are no extremities of which a Spaniſh woman is not capable when ſhe finds herſelf diſdained.

Julia diſcovered my agitation, and when we were alone aſked the cauſe. I endeavoured to turn it on indiſpoſition; but my wife was not to be duped by that excuſe, and preſſed me ſo earneſtly, that I gave way to her entreaties, informing her of the unfortunate

inclination of Donna Clara, and the declaration she had just made me; adding, that a fear of alarming her tenderness had prevented me until the present moment from disclosing it to her. Julia was astonished beyond measure. We deliberated what steps to take to avoid the disagreeable effects of Donna Clara's passion. We could fix on none, but instantly quitting the island, and retiring to some other spot. We had just formed this resolution, which we determined to put in execution as speedily as possible, when Don Alvirez entered our apartment. "An affair of the utmost importance," said he, "obliges me to leave you for some time. I must immediately repair to Port Rico, but my stay shall be as short as possible. I shall be impatient to return to my dear friends." This information greatly perplexed me, as I could not conveniently quit the island before his return, and I much feared his absence would embolden Donna Clara to persecute me with her love, and perhaps to revenge herself on my indifference. I testified to the governor the sorrow his absence would occasion me, and entreated him to hasten his return.

As we usually eat at the governor's table, during his absence we could not avoid continuing the same custom, and keeping company with Donna Clara; but our conversation had no longer its usual charm, the tender effusion that accompanies sincere friendship was wanting. The wife of Alvirez was serious and constrained; I was visibly embarrassed, and Julia not more at ease; though she used her utmost efforts to appear cheerful, in order that Donna Clara might not suspect she was acquainted with her sentiments for me. Such is the effect of love: it embellishes or empoisons all, and is the blessing or the curse of life.

Don Alvirez had been absent about eight days, when one morning Donna Clara sent to desire me to come to her apartment, as she wished to communicate the contents of a letter she had just received from her husband. Julia was still in bed, and I could not refuse to attend her without rudeness: I therefore obeyed the summons, determined that, should she again mention her guilty inclination, to answer in a manner to deprive her of hope, and to represent her duty to the worthy Don Alvirez in the strongest terms. I found her stretched carelessly on a sofa, dressed in an elegant dishabille; a transparent gauze covered her bosom, and was skilfully deranged to shew its beauty; in short, her whole dress announced her intention: but this sight, so far from the effect designed, inspired me with nothing but disgust.

Donna Clara, on my entrance, experienced an emotion which did not escape me: her complexion assumed a deeper tint, and her eyes became languid; notwithstanding which, their natural fire predominated over the suffusion of tenderness. She shewed me the letter that she had received, which, when I had perused, I testified to her how highly I was flattered by the friendship of her spouse; that through life I should always recollect it with gratitude, and also the kindnesses we had received from her. I then

roſe to quit her, but ſhe deſired me not to leave her. "Metland," ſaid ſhe, in a languiſhing voice, "you fly me; you ſhun my preſence: I too plainly diſcover it. Is it thus you reply to a love like mine, when you ſee to what it has reduced me? A paſſion, that I have not bluſhed to confeſs, and which has rendered me regardleſs of honour, duty, and every ſacred engagement. Judge then of my affection, when ſuch ſacrifices are trivial in my eyes." I feel, Madam," replied I, the worth of a heart like yours; and any other man would doubtleſs think himſelf happy to be beloved by ſo charming a lady: but, Madam, I need not inform you, that enderneſs is not to be commanded. Long have I been united to Julia by every tie of affection. I am equally beloved by my wife; and even yourſelf would think me unworthy that happineſs, if I could forget my oaths and ſacred engagements. Nor ſhould my coldneſs offend you, ſince my heart was Julia's before I had the honour of ſeeing you." "I am far," replied ſhe, "from wiſhing to deprive your wife of the rights ſhe has over your heart: love does not render me unjuſt: but, Metland, I adore you, and muſt die if you afford me no return. No, I do not pretend to aſpire to your whole tenderneſs, but at leaſt ſhare it between Julia and myſelf: the ſmalleſt return will make me the happieſt of women." In ſaying theſe words, ſhe leaned upon me, and taking my hand, preſſed it to her cheek, and bathed it with her tears.

I was greatly moved: the tears of a woman always produce more or leſs effect on the heart of a man of feeling: but the image of my wife ſuddenly preſented itſelf to my thoughts, and reſtored my uſual firmneſs. After ſome moments ſilence, "Madam," ſaid I, "your tenderneſs honours me to the higheſt degree; but how can I reply to it, when neither my heart nor perſon are mine to beſtow? Affection is not to be divided; it either reigns as maſter, or does not ſubſiſt at all. Pity me, therefore, and regard me as one unworthy the happineſs you deſigned. I even dare hope that you will eſteem me for not having profited of a weakneſs which your reaſon would hereafter condemn; nor do I fear to add, that reſpect is the only ſentiment that ought or can animate me for the wife of my friend. With theſe words I diſengaged myſelf gently from her hands. She remained for ſome minutes abſorbed in a profound reverie, then ſuddenly launching from calmneſs to fury, exclaimed, "Is it thus, monſter, that thou dareſt reſiſt the tender avowal of a woman like me, repaying her love by the moſt inſolent indifference? Thy heart is marble, and inſenſible to my tears. Begone! Thou ſaid'ſt truly, thou art unworthy of a tenderneſs which nothing but a blind partiality could inſpire. Oh! heaven," continued ſhe, ſobbing, "to what a ſtate of degradation am I fallen! Avoid my preſence, thou monſter, whom hell has thrown upon the earth to torment me! Henceforward thou art to me an object of horror: I ſwear to the moſt implacable hatred!" Aſtoniſhed and alarmed at her violence, I haſtened to obey, and leave the preſence of ſuch a fury.

I related to Julia the diſagreeable ſcene I had undergone. She

was greatly alarmed. I, however, uſed my utmoſt efforts to reaſſure her, and we conſidered what conduct we ſhould aſſume on ſo diſagreeable an occaſion. We reſolved to eat in our own apartment, and to have no communication whatever with her until the return of her huſband. We paſſed ſome days without ſeeing her, my ſervant informing me that ſhe remained alone, and ſhut up in her chamber. I had no doubt but my indifference had raiſed her indignation to the utmoſt height, and that ſhe was meditating ſome project of vengeance. But whatever idea I had of her violent and outrageous diſpoſition, yet I could never have ſurmiſed her wickedneſs would have led her to commit a crime ſo atrocious as that to which my Julia had nearly fallen a victim.

One morning Tom informed me privately, that he had heard in confidence from one of the domeſtics, that ſhe held ſecret conferences with a ſtranger, who was introduced every night into the palace with the utmoſt precaution and privacy. This information aſtoniſhed me; for I ſtill had an opinion that her behaviour to me was only the effect of the violence of a paſſion which ſhe could not ſurmount, and not habitual vice. I made Tom repeat his ſtory two or three times, when diſcovering that I could not give belief to his relation, he propoſed to convince me by the evidence of my own ſight. About eleven at night we concealed ourſelves behind a hedge, and in about half an hour ſaw a man paſs by. Though it was clear moon-light, I could not diſcover his features, his face being concealed by the manner in which he held his cloak; a waiting woman of Donna Clara's walked before him, and led the way to her miſtreſs's apartment. I had no longer any doubt of the truth of what Tom had told me, yet could not perſuade myſelf that theſe nocturnal viſits had any amorous tendency, and rather ſuppoſed them relative to ſome myſtery of which I was the object. I therefore determined to be on my guard. I ſeldom went out, and then well armed: never left Julia alone; for if I quitted her an inſtant, Tom and Betty were her guards.

We waited the return of Alvirez with impatience: he was ſhortly expected; when one afternoon, as Julia and myſelf were converſing on his merits, and expreſſing our ſorrow at his having ſo unworthy a partner, on a ſudden my wife was taken ill. I inſtantly procured aſſiſtance, but her indiſpoſition encreaſed, and was preſently accompanied by the moſt acute agonies, which were followed by convulſions. As I was enquiring the nature of her malady, ſhe ſaid, "My dear Metland, I am poiſoned!" Theſe words ſtruck me with a ſudden and horrid idea; my hair ſtood upright, my blood ran chill in my veins. "Gracious heaven!" cried I, "is it poſſible that Donna Clara—But of what is a woman not capable who is regardleſs of every ſacred duty?" Fortunately I had been informed of a certain antidote for poiſon by one of my friends in England: I inſtantly procured it; it proved violently emetic, but the convulſions ſtill continued. A phyſician, whom I had ſent for, arrived; he confirmed my fears, adding, that the poiſon, from

the ſymptoms, was of the ſtrongeſt kind. "Notwithſtanding," continued he, "as it was taken in time, it is to be hoped that the lady may eſcape." He preſcribed ſome neceſſary remedies, and adminiſtered a ſecond dole of the counter-poiſon I had before given.

My wife was in the moſt dreadful agonies during two hours, every moment of which I expected her to ſink under the violence of her ſufferings. Poor Betty was unable to aſſiſt her miſtreſs, ſcreaming and crying with the utmoſt bitterneſs. For myſelf, 'tis impoſſible to paint my feelings at that dreadful moment; by turns diſtracted with the thoughts of loſing Julia, and then with fury, which the diabolical attempt of the governor's wife had inſpired. I raved, wept, and wrung my hands: every pain, every convulſion of Julia's rent my ſoul.—"What," exclaimed I, "will fate never ceaſe to purſue me? It broke aſunder the friendſhip of our fathers at the very time we were on the point of being united; next it raiſes a villain againſt me, who attempts my life, and robs me of my wife: another monſter detains her in captivity, and fixes the price of her liberty on her diſhonour; and when I at length flattered myſelf with having found a tranquil aſylum, the criminal paſſion of an infamous woman deprives me of all I hold dear. Yet reſt aſſured, moſt atrocious wretch, that if my love falls by thy diabolical arts, I will ſacrifice thee to my vengeance, and deliver the world from ſuch a monſter! 'Tis a ſervice I ſhall render to ſociety and thy huſband."

Notwithſtanding the utmoſt aſſiſtance of art, the poiſon was with the greateſt difficulty extirpated: the weak conſtitution of my wife could not much longer have reſiſted ſuch violent and repeated ſhocks. In ſhort, by the moſt perſevering care, the convulſions at length ceaſed, the vomitings became leſs frequent, and ſhe conſequently in a ſtate of greater tranquillity. I returned thanks to heaven on my knees, ſupplicating the preſervation of my ſpouſe, without whom my life muſt become a burthen.

A part of my fears were diſſipated on ſeeing my wife better; yet my fury againſt the infamous author of her calamity was nothing diminiſhed; and though I had no reaſon to doubt Donna Clara was the contriver of the villainous act, yet I determined to force her to confeſs it. Without mentioning my project to any one, I ſeized two piſtols, and went to her apartment, which I was on the point of entering, when I heard a man's voice. An emotion of curioſity made me moderate my rage, and lend an ear.—"Do not doubt it," ſaid ſhe, "the poiſon will not fail of its effect: and however ſpeedily aſſiſtance may have been procured, her death is certain. By this means we ſhall both be revenged; me of an ingrate, who deſpiſed my love; and you of a man you have ſuch reaſon to hate." "I will not conceal from you, Madam," replied a voice which I thought I recognized, "that I ſuffered greatly before I could bring myſelf to conſent to the deſtruction of a woman I once ſo tenderly loved; but the deſire of obtaining your favour might bribe me to yet greater ſacrifices."

I could ſuffer no more. "'Tis Oliver," exclaimed I, "'tis that villain!" The door was locked. Rage redoubled my ſtrength; I burſt it in an inſtant. "Perfidious wretch!" ſaid I, "heaven at length gives thee to my vengeance: this time thou ſhalt not eſcape." In ſaying theſe words, I threw myſelf upon him, fired, and laid him dead at my feet. "And you, abandoned woman," continued I, "you who are equal to the blackeſt crimes; you I ought to puniſh in the ſame manner for the infernal attempt on my wife: but Don Alvirez is your huſband and my friend; I therefore leave you to the torments of remorſe; they will ſufficiently revenge me. Sincerely do I pity him in being united to ſo deſpicable a wretch: his goodneſs of heart and generoſity deſerve a more worthy fate."

During this diſcourſe ſhe remained ſeated on a ſofa, without uttering a ſingle word; but from time to time regarding me with a malignancy that ſufficiently expreſſed what was paſſing in her ſoul. At length, throwing off this ſmothered rage, "Metland," ſaid ſhe, with a gloomy ſmile, "you deny me then the fate of Oliver? You do me the favour to ſpare my life! I curſe thy generoſity. My life is hateful, nor will I owe it to thee. I ſhall die content: I am revenged: my odious rival will accompany me to the tomb; ſhe will not live to triumph in my fall. Learn, that if love could degrade a Spaniard to commit a crime, ſhe knows how to puniſh herſelf, and that ſhe fears death leſs than ſhame." On concluding theſe words, ſhe drew a poniard, plunged it in her boſom, and fell bathed in blood.

At this ſight I gave a cry of horror; my ſenſes were in the moſt inexpreſſive diſorder. I was on the point of flying to Julia's apartment, when Don Alvirez entered! Judge the impreſſion the frightful ſpectacle that preſented muſt make on my friend; the chamber covered with blood, his wife expiring, and a man ſtretched dead at her feet. The governor recoiled with ſurprize and horror. "Gracious heaven!" exclaimed he, "what has happened, Metland? What can I think?" Saying theſe words, he flew to his wife, ſupporting her in his arms, and addreſſing her by the moſt tender appellations.

I had remained ſilent through confuſion and horror; my agitated mind knew not on what idea to repoſe. I dreaded to inform him of the cauſe of this tragic event. What a blow to his benevolent ſoul! Notwithſtanding, the governor might think me the aſſaſſin of his wife: it was neceſſary that I ſhould juſtify myſelf. The apartment was ſoon filled with ſervants. A ſurgeon was called, who bound up Donna Clara's wound. As for Oliver, he was dead; they therefore removed him into another apartment.

After Alvirez had beſtowed his firſt cares on his wife, "Metland," ſaid he, "explain this dreadful myſtery. Who is the man whom I found dead, and how came my wife poniarded?" "Alas, my dear friend," replied I, "I tremble to inform you with what will afflict in the moſt cruel manner your feeling heart; but 'tis neceſ-

ſary for my own juſtification. Learn, that the body you ſaw was Oliver's: he fell by my hand; but I am innocent of the death of your wife: 'twas her own hand that ſtruck the blow, and avenged a crime that may perhaps deprive me of the only bleſſing I had in life." I ſaid no further, inſtantly quitting him to return to Julia, whom I found ſleeping in tolerable tranquillity. Charmed to find that the infernal deſigns of Donna Clara had not completely ſucceeded, and there were hopes my dear Julia might be reſtored, I ſeated myſelf by her bedſide, and gave way to reflections which the cruel ſcene I had witneſſed occaſioned. I had been near an hour in this ſituation, when a ſervant informed me that Donna Clara had recovered her ſenſes, and deſired to ſpeak with me. I thought it wrong not to obey the ſummons of a dying woman, whatever reaſon I had to hate her. As ſoon as ſhe ſaw me, "Approach, Metland," ſaid ſhe, in a faint and expiring voice. "Come, and be witneſs of my repentance, as you have been of my criminal conduct. Sir," continued ſhe, addreſſing her huſband, "Metland is innocent of my death; my own hand puniſhed the guilty love I had conceived for him. Yes, I did not fear to violate my conjugal duty, and to repay your tenderneſs with ingratitude. I endeavoured to ſeduce Metland: I wiſhed to deprive Julia of his heart. His virtue and mild repreſentations, inſtead of the effect he doubtleſs intended, produced no other than changing a diſtracted ungovernable paſſion into a ſettled and implacable hatred, to which I cauſed the wife of your friend to be poiſoned."

Don Alvirez could not moderate his rage at this confeſſion. "Alvirez," ſaid ſhe, in a voice that became momentarily weaker, and which was broken by the pangs of death, you will ſoon be releaſed from a guilty woman. Muſt I die with the idea that your hatred will ſurvive my death? The thought will darken my laſt moments with deſpair."

I entreated the governor to be calm, and forgive her: nor had I much trouble to perſuade him. He again drew near to the bed of his dying wife: "Thou guilty, but too-much-beloved woman," ſaid he, "may heaven forgive thee, as I do. But if thou art able, inform me how thou cameſt acquainted with Oliver." She ſtill more faintly than before anſwered thus.—"Looking over the liſt of ſtrangers arrived on the iſland ſince your departure, I diſcovered the name of Oliver. I ſent to him privately, appointing a ſecret interview, in which I informed him of Metland, his lodging in the palace, and the ſubjects of hatred I had againſt him. We were ſoon agreed. Our firſt plan was to get Julia into our power; but as ſhe ſeldom went out, and her huſband never quitted her, we were obliged to relinquiſh it. At length we fixed on the project I have before confeſſed. Oliver furniſhed the poiſon, which I myſelf mingled in ſome ſoup. Now you are acquainted with the whole plot of iniquity. Once more I aſk forgiveneſs of you and Metland. I return thanks to heaven that I have had a ſhort time given me to repent, and that it has ſpared

the life of Julia." She could say no more; the effort she had made to speak so long had entirely exhausted her strength; and, after remaining silent a short time, she relapsed into a state of insensibility, which terminated her life.

I forced Don Alvirez from the apartment of his wife, and, notwithstanding that I myself much needed consolation, endeavoured to calm his sorrow, this tragical event having deeply afflicted him. When he was somewhat tranquillized I returned to Julia. The sleep she had taken had so much recovered her, that I did not hesitate to inform her of what had passed.

Some days after this fatal catastrophe I received a letter from my friend in London, with whom I had constantly held a correspondence since my departure from England. He informed me Sir William Burt was just dead; that, before he expired, he was reconciled to my father, and that they had jointly approved our marriage. My father, he added, was making the most minute enquiries to discover where we had retired. However agreeable this news was to me, my joy was lessened by the idea of the grief that Julia would experience on learning the death of a father she tenderly loved. I announced it to her with the utmost precaution, yet she felt it severely.

The health of my wife was re-established daily, and we determined to seize the first opportunity of returning to our own country in an English vessel. Don Alvirez generously furnished us with whatever was necessary.

After a voyage of two months we landed at Yarmouth, from whence we went post to London. Our first care was to go to my father, Julia and myself throwing ourselves at his feet. He kindly raised us. "My dear children," said he, embracing us, "forget the woes that an unjust obstinacy has caused you: come, and be the consolation of my old age." I thanked my father, saying, that the return of his affection was an ample recompence for the sorrows we had undergone; and that henceforward the wish nearest our hearts should be to deserve its continuation. The same day we took up our abode in my paternal mansion.

I passed near two years in that state of calm serenity which constitutes the happiness of a man whose every wish is fulfilled. My father gave me daily fresh proofs of his paternal kindness. Julia still loved me tenderly, and my affection for her had not in the least decreased, when on a sudden her health altered in the most sensible manner: her eyes became heavy and sunken, the roses of her complexion faded, her breathing was difficult, and in a short time she totally lost that amiable cheerfulness that constituted the pleasure of our conversations. I plainly saw that the poison had violently shaken her constitution. The most skilful physicians were consulted, but their art was fruitless on an exhausted frame and wretched existence.

I saw Julia weaken daily, without being able to stop the progress of her malady; you may therefore judge my sufferings. She

was continually endeavouring to conſole me. "My dear Metland," ſaid ſhe, "we muſt ſubmit to the will of Providence. I feel that I have but a ſhort time to live. I grieve at our ſeparation; but we muſt ſome day have been torn aſunder. I ſhall not periſh; the moſt pure part of me will remain, and hover round thee, my dear huſband! Soon ſhall our ſouls be re-united in the bleſſed manſions of eternity, no more to ſeparate. It is not death; 'tis ſoftly paſſing from one happineſs to another." Theſe words pierced me to the ſoul. Her danger increaſed daily. She was ſo thin and emaciated as ſcarcely to be recognized. In ſhort, her life appeared to hang upon a ſingle breath.

One night when I was ſeated by her bedſide, my head leaning on her pillow, and one of her hands incloſed within mine, ſhe ſuddenly rouſed from the lethargic ſtupor in which ſhe lay; heaving a profound ſigh, and preſſing my hand, "Metland," ſaid ſhe, "I know not what alteration has taken place within me.—My breath fails!—A dreadful weight oppreſſes me!——I die!——Adieu, my dear Henry!——Do not forget your Julia!" I ſtarted, called for aſſiſtance; but, alas! ſhe was gone for ever. Her pure and mild ſpirit gently quitting its mortal tenement, without a ſingle agony.

Though the ſtate in which ſhe had been for ſome time might have prepared me for her death, yet my grief was not the leſs violent on that account. In my deſpair I knew not what fatal raſhneſs I might have perpetrated, had I not been watched. However, time and the tender conſolations of my father at length prevailed, and in ſome meaſure reſtored my ſoul to a ſtate of calmneſs; but a heavy melancholy ſtill remains, which nothing can diſpel. To complete the weight of my misfortunes, I ſoon after loſt my father; a blow that the death of Julia had rendered me almoſt unable to ſupport.

When I had paid the tribute of nature, and fulfilled the duties preſcribed by filial tenderneſs, I found myſelf maſter of a conſiderable fortune. I doubtleſs might marry again advantageouſly, but the image of Julia is too deeply engraven on my heart to ſuffer another love; I therefore ſwear eternal fidelity to her memory.

This is my hiſtory to the preſent time. The ways of Providence are frequently myſterious, and her paths difficult and obſcure; but thoſe who tread them in humble confidence, nor deviate into the leſs painful roads of vice and folly, will at length be ſurely conducted to the regions of happineſs; and, though they may not always reach them in the ſhort journey of an earthly pilgrimage, will have a proſpect, beyond the grave, of more perfect and permanent felicity. The reader will no doubt be ſurprized at the many ſerious trials I have paſſed. After ſuch heavy misfortunes, hope itſelf being extinguiſhed, ſince nothing can recal her I loved beyond myſelf, I have determined to ſpend the remainder of my life in the innocent amuſements of ſolitude.

THE

HISTORY OF LEONORA.

MARQUIS de Mouzon, one day as he was riding, being overtaken by a ſtorm of thunder and lightning, repaired for ſhelter to a neighbouring farm-houſe; the beauty of whoſe ſituation, as well as its vicinity, tempted him to viſit it. On his entrance, he found the maſter, his wife, and only daughter, ſeated at a ruſtic board. He no ſooner appeared, than he was invited to partake of the rural repaſt; an invitation which he accepted without heſitation. But the luſtre of Leonora's eyes ſo engaged his attention, that it was with difficulty he could comply with the preſſing invitations of the old people to eat. The ſtorm diſappearing, he with reluctance quitted the cottage; where, at that inſtant, he would have been glad to ſpend his days, provided he might enjoy the company of Leonora.

Leonora's charms had made too deep an impreſſion on the heart of the Marquis to permit of his not ſoon repeating his viſit. Accordingly, in a few days, on pretence of thanking them for their hoſpitality, he returned to the cottage (the inhabitants of which had now learnt the rank of their gueſt) that he might contemplate the charms of the fair ruſtic. As he approached the houſe, he perceived Leonora ſitting under the ſhade of a large tree, with a book in her hand. He inſtantly alighted; and, advancing, addreſſed himſelf to her. But Leonora, diſconcerted at his appearance, and reflecting on the eaſy manner in which they had formerly treated him, fled to the houſe with the utmoſt precipitation, dropping her book; which was eagerly ſeized by the Marquis. He then proceeded to the cottage.

The old people, diſtreſſed to the laſt degree at the ſight of the Marquis, apologiſed, in an awkward manner, for the treatment he had experienced at his former viſit; declaring, that nothing but their ignorance of his rank could excuſe their conduct. The Marquis, who was ever amiable, was by no means inclined to be harſh to any thing connected with Leonora. He received their excuſes with politeneſs; begged them to be compoſed; thanked them for their hoſpitality; and, notifying to them his intention of dining with them, reſtored to the cottage its uſual tranquillity. The old people, delighted with the Marquis, prepared for dinner, whilſt the amuſement of their noble gueſt was entruſted to Leonora. A taſk pleaſing in itſelf; but for which ſhe was then but ill qualified, on account of her embarraſſment and neſcience of the world.

Dinner, however, ſoon releaſed Leonora from her tete-a-tete with the Marquis; and the whole family ſat down to a neat but frugal board. Dinner being ended, the Marquis requeſted Leonora's leave

to visit the dairy. With this request she could not refuse to comply; and accordingly attended him to the scene of his happiest hours. During their conversation, he was so struck with her modesty and good sense, that he asked permission to repeat his visit. Leonora blushed consent; and the Marquis having taken leave of the old people, returned to Mouzon, leaving Leonora in a state of mind to which she had been a stranger previous to her acquaintance with him.

It will be necessary now to give some description of Leonora's mental accomplishments. Her father, though not a man of much learning himself, had spared no pains on her education. Music, painting, &c. were accomplishments for which she was indebted to the vicinage of a convent, where she was placed from twelve to fifteen. The Cure had early implanted in her breast those sentiments of piety and virtue which, aided by an uncommon fortitude, supported her in those trying situations in which she was afterwards placed.

It is not to be wondered, that by a woman so accomplished, and so handsome, a deep impression should be made on a sensible heart. The Marquis frequently repeated his visits; which at last alarming the old people, they now cautioned their daughter against him as a man who, however amiable he might appear, would not, should opportunity offer, hesitate to ruin her. Leonora, terrified by this admonition, received the Marquis at his next visit with a coldness that astonished him. He was not long at a loss to guess the cause of this alteration in her conduct, from which he now dreaded an eternal separation. The mention of marriage was not to be thought of; and, from the check he had just received, he had no great hopes of success on any other ground.

In this dilemma, he applied for assistance to an aunt of Leonora's, who rendered herself unworthy of such a niece, by concurring with the Marquis in his design upon her virtue. She undertook to deliver to Leonora the Marquis's proposals; which were such as might be expected from a young man, deeply enamoured, whom respect for the absurd maxims of the world prevented from matching himself with one of inferior rank. They were received by Leonora with deserved contempt; and she gave the Marquis to understand, that she never more would see a man who had been capable of offering her such an insult.

The Marquis seeing all hopes of possessing Leonora at an end, gave himself up to despair. Leonora's image was ever present to his mind; and the day was spent cursing his unhappy fate, born to honours which were the only source of his misfortunes, and of which he wished it possible to divest himself; whilst the night was passed in dreaming of his happiest hours, which were now past recovery fled.

Leonora in the mean time had attempted, but in vain, to efface from her mind the impression which the Marquis had made on it: for, notwithstanding his ungenerous offer, she loved him still. Her

friends remarked, with grief, that her former ſerenity and cheerfulneſs were gone. She who was once the gayeſt on the green, now ſat drooping at the ſide of a brook, that ſeemed to ſympathiſe with her woe; whilſt the hills, which once re-echoed her happy ſtrains, heard nothing but ſighs. Thus did Leonora ſpend each ſad revolving day; doomed to love, yet forbid to hope, and conſcious that her birth was the only obſtacle to her happineſs.

Affairs were in this ſituation when the Marchioneſs made her appearance at the caſtle. She found the Marquis plunged in the deepeſt melancholy. She urged him with the utmoſt vehemence to return to Paris. To this, however, he would by no means conſent, but promiſed to viſit England.

No ſooner was the Marchioneſs gone, than the Marquis ſet out for Dunkirk, without venturing to bid adieu to Leonora. A few days landed him at Dover, whence he proceeded to Canterbury. He ſet out for the capital, where his rank introduced him to the beſt company; and in which, had he not been ſunk in the deepeſt melancholy, he would have ſhone with luſtre: But he was ſo much altered by his misfortunes, that that wit which had rendered him the idol of Paris was baniſhed, and he always appeared as if he was any where but where he was. During his reſidence in England, he conſtantly correſponded with his friend the Baron; who had his poſitive orders to ſend an account of Leonora in every letter. The time of his baniſhment being now expired, the Marquis after two years ſet out on his return to France; and in a few days arrived at Mouzon.

As he was riding one evening ſoon after his arrival, he obſerved a female figure reclined by the ſide of a brook. He immediately jumped off his horſe, and having faſtened him to a tree, advanced gently to contemplate the fair unknown. The trees that overſhadowed the brook prevented her from ſeeing the Marquis, who, on a near approach, diſcovered it to be his loved Leonora. At the ſight of her, the Marquis thought himſelf completely happy; for as ſhe had declared ſhe would never receive another viſit from him, he had loſt all hopes of ſeeing her again. He threw himſelf at her feet; and eagerly ſeizing her hand, kiſſed it before ſhe was ſufficiently recovered from her ſurpriſe to diſcover who he was. No ſooner, however, was this diſcovery made, then ſhe fainted. The Marquis flew in an agony to get ſome water from the brook. He tried all means to reſtore her; but in vain for ſome time. At laſt, however, ſhe opened her eyes; and caſting them on the Marquis, fainted once more. Shocked at her relapſe, he ſtood motionleſs with grief and deſpair, till he was rouzed by the arrival of one of his ſervants; who, happening to paſs that way, and obſerving his maſter's horſe, had entered the grove in ſearch of him, dreading leſt he had met with ſome accident. The ſervant was no ſooner perceived by the Marquis, than he was diſpatched to the caſtle for ſalts, &c. but with orders to mention to no one the ſituation in which he found his maſter. The Marquis in the mean time endeavoured, by throwing cold water on her face, to recover her; and he was fortunate

enough to ſucceed: for when the ſervant returned, he found her ſeated on a bank, reclining on his maſter's arm, but very weak.

Leonora had no ſooner recovered from her ſecond fainting-fit, than the Marquis intreated her to be compoſed; aſſuring her that no violence ſhould ever be offered her by him. A little comforted by theſe aſſurances, ſhe entered into converſation with him, deſiring him to permit her to return home, and to promiſe never to diſturb her retreat. For though ſhe was not happy there, nor ever could be any where, yet ſhe there enjoyed a ſort of repoſe, which his preſence would infallibly deſtroy. She owned that ſhe had a great regard for him; a regard which would prevent her from ever being any one's but his. But as ſhe never could be his conſiſtently with her honour, ſhe was determined never to be his at all. Her happineſs was a ſacrifice ſhe had not with-held; but her honour ſhould ever remain ſacred and inviolate.

The Marquis begged pardon for the offers he had made her aunt, and pleaded in excuſe the exceſs of his paſſion; obſerving, that the fooliſh maxims of the age in which they lived, had placed inſuperable obſtacles between them and happineſs. He aſſured her, that it now gave him the higheſt pleaſure, to think ſhe had treated his offers as they deſerved; and concluded with promiſing never more to make attempts of a ſimilar nature.

Leonora was by this time ſufficiently recovered to think of returning home: and accordingly, with the aſſiſtance of the Marquis, ſhe reached the dairy; the ſcene of happy hours that were no more to return, and on which they reflected with pleaſure mixed with regret. Here ſhe bid adieu to the Marquis, ſtrictly forbidding him to viſit her on any pretence whatever, and returned to the cottage, where her preſence occaſioned as much joy as her abſence had uneaſineſs.

The Marquis returned to Mouzon more enamoured than ever; and determined, that as he could not confer the title of wife on Leonora, no other woman ever ſhould enjoy it. He ſat meditating on his unhappy fate till midnight, when he was alarmed by the horn of an expreſs who rode into the court-yard. He immediately flew down; and ſnatching the letter from the bearer, opened it with the utmoſt anxiety. He no ſoooner caſt his eyes on the writing than he knew it to be the Baron's, who requeſted his immediate preſence at Paris on buſineſs of the utmoſt importance. With this requeſt the Marquis heſitated not to comply; and three days after he reached the capital.

On his arrival, the Baron informed him, that an uncle of his had died at Liſbon, and left him a conſiderable property; of which, however, he could not take poſſeſſion but in perſon; and he requeſted the Marquis to accompany him thither. The Marquis wiſhed not to comply: at the ſame time, he could not refuſe any thing to the Baron; and ſo he at length determined to bid adieu to Leonora for a few months.

Before he embarked, however, he wrote to her, regretting his being obliged to leave Mouzon: For though he could not ſee her, as

ſhe had not yet conſented to receive his viſits, he had the pleaſure of hearing of her every day. Of this pleaſure, however, he was now to be deprived; and in a few days the two friends embarked for Portugal. Their voyage was proſperous till they were within a few days ſail of their deſtined port, when one morning an Algerine corſair was diſcovered bearing down upon them. The appearance of this worthy follower of Mahomet excited very diſagreeable ſenſations in the breaſts of the crew, as their veſſel was of force conſiderably inferior to that of the corſair. He was now, however too near to admit of their eſcaping; they therefore determined to ſell their lives or liberties dearly. The Marquis, though a ſoldier, had never ſeen ſervice. He embraced with ardour this opportunity of ſhewing that he had not reſigned his ſword becauſe he knew not now to uſe it. A few minutes brought them cloſe to each other, and a mutual diſcharge of broadſides took place. The action continued for twenty minutes, when the Marquis ordered out the grapling irons, and united the corſair to them by ties of not a very ductile nature. His ardour increaſing every minute, he at laſt determined to board them. In this bold attempt he ſucceeded, and found himſelf in an inſtant on the deck of the corſair. Several of the crew attempted to follow the example of the Marquis, but periſhed in the attempt. Some few few ſucceeded, but were ſoon ſacrificed to the rage of the enemy; who finding themſelves boarded, fought with the utmoſt fury. The Marquis, however, had penetrated unhurt into the middle of the deck, where he was made priſoner; as the aim of the Algerine cruiſers is always to take as many priſoners as poſſible.

At that inſtant the corſair loſt her main-maſt and a conſiderable part of her rigging. This being obſerved by the French, they quickly made off, notwithſtanding the threats and intreaties of the Baron, who was wounded in attempting to follow his friend, and now ſat upon the deck in a chair, to ſee if any thing could be done to reſcue him. But the French being ſatisfied with the reception they had already met with, did not chooſe to hazard the event of a ſecond engagement; and a freſh gale ſpringing up, ſoon wafted them beyond the reach of their diſabled enemy.

The Baron ſtill ſat on the deck, beholding, with inexpreſſible anguiſh, the priſon of his friend; a priſon into which he had been led by his friendſhip for him. While he was indulging theſe melancholy reflections, his wound had bled ſo much that he was quite faint: but faint as he was, he ordered out the pinnace, and determined to go and ſhare the fortune of his friend. But not one of the crew would undertake to man it, expecting that as ſoon as they ſhould come within reach of the corſair's guns they would all periſh. The Baron finding that neither threats nor intreaties would prevail on the crew to row him to the corſair, gave himſelf up to deſpair. He was ſo weakened by his wound, that this new agitation threw him into a fainting fit; during which his ſervant, aſſiſted by ſome of the crew, carried him to the cabin; where

the ſurgeon dreſſed his wound, and put him to bed; and having taken a compoſing draught, he ſlept ſound for ſome time. When he awoke he ſeemed much better, and was ſoon able to ſit on the deck for the benefit of the air. The winds had proved contrary ever ſince they had parted with the corſair; but they were now favourable, and a few days landed the Baron in Liſbon; where his firſt employment was to prepare for a voyage to Algiers, which he determined to undertake as ſoon as the ſtate of his wound would permit him.

The wiſhed-for hour at length came, and the Baron embarked for Algiers, where he arrived ſafe after a ſhort paſſage. He thought that if he once landed he ſhould have little difficulty to procure the freedom of his friend, having brought an immenſe ſum with him for that purpoſe. In this, however, he was diſappointed: for, on his arrival at Algiers, he found that the captain of the corſair had ſold his friend to he did not know whom. Diſtreſſed to the laſt degree at this melancholy piece of intelligence, he inquired how long he had been ſold. They informed him, ſome weeks; and that he was gone far up into the country, but to what place they did not know. In this dilemma he determined to ſet out in ſearch of his friend; having procured an order from the Dey that he ſhould be delivered up to him, on paying the price which had been paid to the captain.

For a long while his ſearches were unſucceſsful; but, after having experienced nothing but diſappointment for ſeven months, he at laſt found the Marquis employed as a gardener in a retired part of the country. The corſair being much damaged, put an early period to his confinement, as the captain made for Algiers with all poſſible ſpeed. His firſt care, on his arrival, was to diſpoſe of the Marquis, leſt the Dey ſhould put in his claim. The perſon who bought him reſided in a remote part of the country; and finding him a good gardener (that having been one of the Marquis's amuſements) he committed to him the care of his garden. This truſt the Marquis executed with ſo much fidelity and ability, that he ſoon became a great favourite with his new maſter.

The old Mahometan was walking in his garden when the Baron entered. The Marquis and he flew into one another's arms; in which ſituation they remained for ſome moments, to the aſtoniſhment of the Muſſulman. At laſt, however, advancing towards them, he received from the Baron the Dey's order for the liberty of the Marquis.

The two friends in a few days arrived at Algiers, whence the Marquis inſiſted on ſailing to Liſbon before they returned to France; declaring, that as the Baron had ſacrificed his own intereſts to his happineſs, he muſt now accompany him to ſettle them. To this the Baron with reluctance conſented; and the day for ſailing was fixed, when one evening, as the Marquis and he were at ſupper, a number of armed men ſuddenly entered, and ſeizing the Marquis, carried him off, notwithſtanding all the reſiſtance the Baron could make.

Both the one and the other knowing the violences that are daily committed under that government, deſpaired of ever meeting more. But Mouzon was doomed to ſuffer unnumbered woes ere death ſhould ſign his releaſe. He found himſelf conveyed to a large houſe about three miles from the town, which had all the appearance of a palace. Here he paſſed the night. The morning having made its appearance, he looked out of his windows, and beheld himſelf ſituated in a delightful garden, which nature ſeemed to have formed in ſome laviſh hour. Nor had art been leſs liberal. It was all perfection; and appeared calculated for the abode of love and peace, if ever they had choſen to reſide together.

Whilſt the Marquis was reflecting on his own ſituation, he was interrupted by the appearance of a female ſlave, who deſired him to baniſh fear; for that he had been ſeized only to be conducted to bliſs: that a beautiful young widow had ſeen him as he paſſed the window the other day; and was ſo much ſtruck with him, that ſhe determined to confer on him herſelf and all her immenſe riches: that as ſoon as he had dreſſed himſelf in the Turkiſh habit, he was to repair to her, and that ſhe would be his conductreſs.

The Marquis determined to obey immediately; and having dreſſed himſelf in a dreſs which was brought him by the ſlave, he followed her into a large room, at the upper end of which he beheld, ſeated on a ſofa, a fine female figure, moſt richly adorned. She advanced a few ſteps to meet him; and having ſaluted him, ſhe ſeated herſelf on the ſofa, and thus addreſſed him.

"Chriſtian, my ſlave has already informed you where I firſt ſaw you, and how much I was ſtruck with your appearance. If your mind be as beautiful as your perſon, I ſhall have no reaſon to repent the ſtep I have taken. Should that prove the caſe, I will render your life completely happy. If, on the other hand, I ſhall have reaſon to regret my conduct towards you, expect to feel the effects of my vengeance. On the death of my huſband, I determined to become a Chriſtian, and to marry one of your faith; as with you the women are treated like women, and not like ſlaves. Theſe reaſons determined me to marry a Chriſtian; and as I am much pleaſed with your appearance, I will confer upon you my riches and my perſon. I have learned from your attendants that you are not married, I therefore doubt not of your accepting my offer. There remains then nothing for us to do, but to celebrate the marriage according to your rites; and then we will embark for your country with my treaſure, which will enable you to live in ſplendor and magnificence."

To this addreſs the Marquis liſtened with the utmoſt attention, but was perfectly at a loſs how to reply. At laſt, however, after having pauſed for a conſiderable time, he anſwered, "I am ſenſible of the diſtinguiſhed honour you intend me, when you ſelect me to be the partner of your riches and your bed. It is with reluctance I decline an honour ſo flattering and ſo enviable: but vows which I have made, vows of a moſt ſolemn nature, vows that muſt for ever

remain inviolate, render it impoſſible for me to accept that happineſs which you ſo generouſly offer. I ſhall, however, remember with gratitude, and reflect with regret, on this day's adventure. I am ſorry that my attachment to one who is now far diſtant, and who counts with anxiety the hours that intervene between this time and that of my expected return, precludes me from returning that affection you profeſs for me. It is true we are not united by the rites of your faith; nay, we never may be ſo: but we have exchanged the moſt ſolemn vows, if we do not marry each other, never to marry at all. From theſe moſt ſacred obligations, no power whatever can releaſe me. You muſt not therefore do me the injuſtice to attribute my refuſal of your offer to inſenſibility of your uncommon charms, but to the violence of an unhappy paſſion, which will, I fear, one day prove my ruin."

During the Marquis's diſcourſe her eyes flaſhed fire; but when he had concluded it, ſhe gave no bounds to her reſentment. She felt herſelf injured, if not inſulted, by this preference given to another; and determined from that inſtant to effect the ruin of the Marquis. He was by her ſlaves reconducted to his priſon, where he waited with fortitude the event of a tranſaction from which he had every thing to dread.

He had not, however, been long in his confinement, before the Baron entered his apartment, and once more reſtored him to freedom. For, having obtained an order from the Dey for that purpoſe, he eaſily diſcovered the priſon of his friend; and in a few minutes conducted him to the harbour, where they embarked for Liſbon; well knowing they had every thing to fear from her reſentment. After a good paſſage, they landed in Portugal; where the Marquis found letters from his friends. But they contained not the name of Leonora, for whom his attachment was as great as ever, and of whom it will now be proper to ſay ſomething.

After the Marquis's departure, Leonora relapſed into her former melancholy. She generally ſpent the whole day on that ſpot which had witneſſed the affecting interview between her and her lover, and which has been already deſcribed. Heaven, however, commiſerating her ſorrows, ſent to her relief one of the moſt amiable women that ever lived. Adelaide now made her appearance at the cottage, who was placed by her guardian with Leonora's father.

The two ladies ſoon became attached to each other. Adelaide had ſuffered; ſhe therefore knew how to pity. She requeſted Leonora to give her an account of her life and misfortunes: on hearing of which, ſhe could not refrain from tears; and endeavoured, by every means, to comfort the fair mourner; but in vain: Leonora gave herſelf up to deſpair, when ſhe conſidered that her future objects in life were clouded over, and not one friendly ray of hope appeared to diſpel the ſurrounding gloom.

Affairs were in this ſituation when the Marquis and his friend returned from Liſbon. Immediately on his landing, he flew to Mouzon. He was no ſooner there, then he repaired to the conſcious grove.

But—ah!—there was no Leonora there! To the cottage he durſt not go till he had obtained her leave. For that leave he applied; but it was obſtinately refuſed. He petitioned for an interview; but to no purpoſe. Deſpairing of ever ſeeing her more, he returned to Mouzon, where he was ſeized with a fever, which laſted thirty days. The phyſicians gave hopes of his recovery; and a few days verified their prediction. The Marquis's fever gradually abating, he ſoon found himſelf able to walk in the park; but he was ſtill ſo dejected, that the Baron feared, unleſs ſome ſtep was taken for baniſhing his melancholy, he would ſoon fall a victim to it.

The Baron had entertained prejudices againſt the Marquis's marrying Leonora; but he was aſhamed to think of ſacrificing his friend to his prejudices; and well knowing that deſperate diſeaſes require deſperate remedies, he propoſed himſelf, that the Marquis ſhould apply for his mother's conſent to the marriage. He undertook to convey the Marquis's requeſt to the Marchioneſs; and to aſſure her, that nothing ſhort of her conſent could preſerve the life of her ſon.

To this propoſal the Marquis liſtened with ecſtaſy. He had often determined within himſelf to marry Leonora; but he feared that even the Baron would not ſupport him in ſo imprudent a choice. No time, however, was now to be loſt; and the Baron ſet out for Paris; leaving to his friend the delightful office of informing Leonora of the ſtep taken in her favour.

This office the Marquis ſoon diſcharged. He flew to the cottage, ruſhed into her chamber, threw himſelf at her feet, and vowed never to riſe till ſhe promiſed to bleſs him with her hand, provided he ſhould obtain his mother's conſent. The old people, who had followed him to the room, did not leave their daughter time to reply. They declared, that if the Marquis was in earneſt; he was the beſt, the moſt generous of men. Leonora ſtood ſpeechleſs. Adelaide, who had never before ſeen the Marquis, was not at a loſs to gueſs who he was, and expected with impatience the reply of her friend. Leonora, after recovering a little, aſſured the Marquis, that he was going to take a ſtep of which he would repent when it was too late; but that ſince he declared his happineſs depended on her becoming his, ſhe ſhould defer accepting the honour he now offered her, only till he ſhould receive the Marchioneſs's approbation.

Leonora had no ſooner given her conſent than the Marquis aroſe; and, ſeating himſelf by her, reproached her for her cruelty in refuſing to ſee him: but before ſhe could juſtify herſelf, ſhe fainted, quite overcome with the ſcene which had happened. Adelaide flew to the aſſiſtance of her friend; and in a ſhort time Leonora recovered.

The Marquis intreated Leonora to delay her happineſs no longer than the return of the Baron, whom he expected in a few days. With this requeſt ſhe promiſed to comply; and it being late, the Marquis, having bid adieu to Leonora, returned home to prepare the caſtle for her reception.

At length the wiſhed-for hour arrived, when the Baron made his appearance at the caſtle. The Marquis flew to meet him, and read his fate in the Baron's countenance; who delivered to him a letter from the Marchioneſs, containing a poſitive refuſal of her conſent, and a declaration, that ſhe would ſooner follow him to the grave, than ſee him diſgrace himſelf by ſo degrading a connection as that he now wiſhed to make.

This news had nearly proved fatal to the Marquis. After, however, having meditated for ſome time, he went to Leonora, and informed her of his mother's determination; but declared, that as ſoon as ever the marriage ſettlements could be drawn up, he would marry her, be the conſequences what they would: that, as to the loſs of his mother's eſtate, he ſhould never feel it; for however ſmall his own fortune might be, it was ſufficient for them. He had too good an opinion of her underſtanding, to ſuppoſe that ſhe was ambitious of moving in a higher ſphere; that for his own part, he ſhould not heſitate a moment to ſink into a lower one, provided he could but call her his.

Leonora affected to be delighted with the thoughts of her approaching nuptials. But no ſooner was the Marquis gone, than ſhe applied to her father for leave to go for two days to her uncle's, who lived at a few miles diſtance. This leave being obtained, ſhe ſet out; but, inſtead of going to her uncle's, directed her ſteps to a convent; the ſafeſt retreat of the unfortunate. It was ſeven miles from Mouzon. There ſhe had a friend, through whoſe intereſt ſhe was received by the abbeſs, who approved of her intention of taking the veil, and promiſed ſhe ſhould be concealed there till it ſhould be out of the power of man to take her thence. Being now ſafe from all purſuit, ſhe wrote the following letter to the Marquis:

"My dear Lord,

"It is now time that I ſhould account for my precipitate retreat from my father's houſe and from your arms. Blinded by your paſſion, you offered to ſacrifice your friends, connections, and a large eſtate, that you might marry a poor inſignificant peaſant; one who never had many charms, and who ſacrificed the few ſhe had at the ſhrine of Melancholy. I ſhould ill deſerve the affection of the Marquis de Mouzon, if I could accept the generous offer you made me in the heat of paſſion. No, I never will be yours; but I will deſerve to have been yours. Reflect, my Lord, with pleaſure, on the eſcape you have had from being united to a girl, whoſe birth would have tarniſhed the luſtre of your ancient houſe. In your cooler moments, the truth of what I now ſay will ſtrike you forcibly. But leſt it ſhould be long before thoſe moments arrive, I ſhall not diſcover the place of my reſidence, till it ſhall be impoſſible for you to diſgrace yourſelf by a connection with one, who, though unworthy the honour you intended her, is, and ever will remain,

"Yours, and yours alone,

"LEONORA."

The Marquis no ſooner received her letter, than he flew to the cottage. The firſt perſon he met was Adelaide, who was in tears for the loſs of her friend. She endeavoured to comfort the Marquis, but to no purpoſe. He inquired for Leonora's father; who no ſooner appeared, than he taxed him with being privy to his daughter's elopement. The old man replied only by crying and tearing his hair, and curſing his fate in having a daughter who rejected honour, and wealth, and happineſs, for the ſake of burying herſelf in a convent.

The Marquis finding that none of her letters were dated, vowed to ſet out the next day in ſearch of her. From this the Baron attempted to diſſuade him; but finding him determined to go, he reſolved to accompany him on his journey; and the next day they ſet out. Almoſt every convent in France was ſearched, but to no purpoſe. The Marquis's health was declining very faſt, owing to the conſtant fatigues he underwent, and to the agitation of his ſpirits. He continued his purſuit, however, for near a year; during which time he had not been able to procure any intelligence of Leonora. She conſtantly correſponded with Adelaide, who alone knew where ſhe was hid. This correſpondence, in the end, proved the means of her reſidence being diſcovered by the Marquis. Leonora, hearing from Adelaide that the Marquis ſtill continued his purſuit, wrote him the following letter.

"My Lord,

"Do you ſtill perſiſt in purſuing an object unworthy of your attention? Deſiſt from the inglorious purſuit; which, if crowned with ſucceſs, will reflect nothing on you but diſgrace. I will uſe my greateſt efforts to prevent your ruin. Never more ſhall you contemplate the ſource of all your ſorrows. You will accuſe me of cruelty for forming this reſolution: But however cruel you may now think me, you will one day own that ſhe was your beſt friend, who, at the expence of her own peace, endeavoured to make you happy, though againſt your will. Adieu, my Lord. I am in a few days to aſſume the veil. It will then be out of your power to ruin yourſelf, ſhould you diſcover the abode of her who will weary heaven with prayers for your happineſs; for the happineſs of one for whom ſhe entertains an affection that will laſt beyond that grave to which ſhe is now haſtening.

"LEONORA."

The Marquis received this letter late at night. He peruſed it ſeveral times; and then retired to his room, where he continued walking up and down till morning in great agitation. As ſoon as the Baron was up, he deſired him to ſet out and follow him, without informing him where they were going. After travelling a few miles, he ſtopped at a ſmall inn, finding himſelf ſo weak that he could proceed no farther. Here they breakfaſted; and juſt after breakfaſt ſtepped into the kitchen, where the poſt was delivering

out the letters for that diſtrict. As he was thus employed, the Marquis obſerved one directed by a well-known hand. He inſtantly ſeized it; and, before the poſt could prevent him, he broke it open. It proved to be from Leonora to Adelaide; informing her, that on that very day ſhe was to take the veil, in a convent only ſix miles diſtant from where the Marquis then was. The Marquis threw down the letter; and running into the ſtable, ſeized his horſe, and ſet out full ſpeed for the convent. The Baron, who had caught up the letter, and perceived the contents, immediately followed him; and they proceeded together to the convent.

When they entered the chapel, the ceremony was begun. The Baron trembled at the ſight; but the Marquis ſeemed to acquire new fortitude, and waited with heroic firmneſs the concluſion of the fatal rite. But no ſooner was it over, and Leonora preparing to withdraw, than exclaiming with agony, "Cruel Leonora!" he ſunk motionleſs in the arms of the Baron, and expired.

The confuſion that ſo melancholy an event occaſioned in the chapel attracted the eyes of every one. Leonora no ſooner caſt her eyes on the fatal ſpot where the Marquis lay, than ſhe ſunk ſpeechleſs into the arms of thoſe who ſtood next her. She was immediately conveyed into the convent, where ſhe remained inſenſible for ſome time: but when ſhe recovered, they found that ſhe had loſt her ſenſes. She raved; and, addreſſing herſelf to the Marquis, promiſed to marry him immediately; then aſked his pardon for occaſioning his death. In this ſtate ſhe remained till evening, when ſhe was conveyed to bed, where ſhe got little ſleep, and that very diſturbed.

The Baron, in the mean time, had conveyed the Marquis's body to a neighbouring houſe, where all attempts to reſtore him to life proved ineffectual. The Baron was almoſt diſtracted, and knew not what to do. Next day, however, he repaired to the convent, (having, in the mean time, diſpatched an expreſs to Adelaide, deſiring her immediate preſence,) and endeavoured to ſee Leonora. But ſhe was not in a condition to be ſeen by any one, for ſhe was ſtill delirious.

In this condition did the Baron remain till Adelaide's arrival. The meeting between them was ſuch as one would expect between people ſo circumſtanced. After ſome converſation, the Baron and Adelaide repaired to the convent, where Adelaide gained admiſſion to her ſtill delirious friend. Leonora did not take the leaſt notice of Adelaide, but continued ſtill to addreſs her converſation to the Marquis. This melancholy ſpectacle proved too much for Adelaide. She was obliged to return to the inn, where ſhe found the Baron preparing to accompany the remains of the amiable and unfortunate Marquis of Mouzon to his ſeat, where he was to be interred.

On his arrival at Mouzon, the Baron found the Marchioneſs walking in the Park, waiting the return of her ſon, whom ſhe heard was expected at home that day. She no ſooner beheld the mournful cavalcade, and learned the fate of her amiable ſon, than ſhe

burſt into tears. The Baron proceeded to the hall, where he lodged the remains of his friend. They were no ſooner in the hall, than ſurrounded by the weeping domeſtics, who declared that they never could meet with ſo kind a maſter. The Marchioneſs ſent for the Baron to her room, and inquired the particulars of her ſon's death. She ſaid, that though ſhe could not but lament his fate ſhe was happy he had not lived to diſgrace his illuſtrious anceſtors.

The Baron, after having celebrated the funeral of his friend, proceeded to examine his will; in which he had left the eſtate of Mouzon to the Baron, ſubject to a penſion of three thouſand livres to Leonora, and five hundred to each of her parents. This affair being ſettled, he ſet out for the convent. On his arrival, Leonora appeared at the grate with her friend, which till now ſhe had not done ſince the death of the Marquis. The meeting was affecting in the higheſt degree. The Baron and Adelaide wept in ſilence. Leonora continued ſtill to rave, and addreſs herſelf to the Marquis. The Baron could bear this interview no longer; but retired from the grate, leaving Adelaide to conduct her friend back to her apartment. At two in the morning Leonora aroſe, and repaired to the chapel, where ſhe continued weeping, till Adelaide waking, and miſſing her, went to the chapel in ſearch of her, and with difficulty prevailed on her to return. Leonora continued in this ſtate for ſome time; but at length ſhe changed her manner, and never ſpoke at all, but remained in a deep and fixed melancholy. She was now ſo much emaciated by her conſtant grief, that the phyſicians deſpaired of her life: But, to the aſtoniſhment of every one, ſhe continued in this ſituation for two years; during which time Adelaide never left the convent. At the end of this time ſhe became ſo feeble, that Adelaide, ſeeing her diſſolution approaching, ſent for the Baron. On his arrival, Leonora appeared at the grate, ſupported by Adelaide and two nuns. She was now ſo altered, that the Baron hardly knew her. He attempted to ſpeak to her, but was ſo much affected that he could not. She made ſigns for them to bring her a chair, on which ſhe ſeated herſelf, and, ſinking into the arms of Adelaide, ceaſed to ſigh.

It is impoſſible to deſcribe the feelings of the ſpectators. Adelaide threw herſelf on the corpſe, and bedewed it with her tears. The Baron retired to the inn to give vent to his grief, whence he ſtirred not till next day. He then waited on the biſhop of the dioceſe and lady abbeſs of the convent, who both conſented to his requeſt, and permitted him to remove Leonora's body to Mouzon, where it was interred in the ſame grave with that of her unfortunate lover.

LEONORA's TOMB.

WHERE, waving o'er yon maſſive tomb,
The circling foliage ſpreads its ſhade,
And flow'rets pale around it bloom,
Le'nora—hapleſs fair!—is laid.

Oh! ſweetly mild, beyond compare,
Did Nature form her matchleſs face;
And Virtue thro each feature fair
Beam'd with a more expreſſive grace.

It gave that luſtre to her eyes
Which makes the love-fraught boſom glow;
It bade the tears of pity riſe
Spontaneous to the touch of woe!

It oft ſuffus'd her downy cheek
With bluſhing teints of innocence;
And taught her artleſs lips to ſpeak
The dictates, meek, of guileleſs ſenſe.

Then lower'd no dull, foreboding cloud,
To dim Le'nora's vernal ſky;
Thoſe ſcenes of future bliſs to ſhroud,
Which roſe to Hope's enraptur'd eye.

Now, ſhrouded from our raptur'd gaze,
No more thoſe eyes expreſſive beam!
I ſaw their dim, expiring rays,
Illum'd with Hope, yet ſweetly gleam.

And where o'er yonder maſſive tomb
The circling foliage ſpreads its ſhade,
And flow'rets pale around it bloom,
Le'nora—hapleſs fair!—is laid!

Printed by [illegible], Shrubbarne-Lane.

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